

Gabby Hayes

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No. 54

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GABBY HAYES

APPROVED
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COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

**ADVENTURE
COMICS**

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



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ABOUT COWBOYS



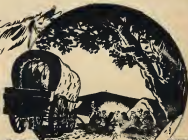
THE COWBOY'S HAT AND BOOTS ARE TWO ITEMS TO WHICH HE DEVOTES MUCH ATTENTION AND ARE AS COSTLY AS HIS PURSE WILL AFFORD...

THE HAT IS KNOWN AS THE "JOHN-B" AND RANGES FROM \$16.50 to \$35.00



THE HANDKERCHIEF HE WEARS AROUND HIS NECK IS PULLED UP OVER HIS MOUTH AND NOSE FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SMOKE WHILE BRANDING AND DUST WHILE DRIVING CATTLE.

EVERY COWBOY FURNISHES HIS OWN SADDLE, BRIDLE, SADDLE BLANKET AND SPURS.....
-ALSO HIS BEDDING, KNOWN AS A "HOT ROLL"



WORKING OUTFITS ARE COMPOSED OF SINGLE MEN, WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE WAGON BOSS, WHO IS USUALLY THE RANCH FOREMAN! THEY RARELY LEAVE THE WAGON AT NIGHT...THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THE CHUCK-WAGON WIT AND HUMOR.. ALWAYS FUNNY-KEEN AND DIRECT.



MAC STUDIOS
FEATURING WS-1

GABBY HAYES

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GABBY HAYES

AND THE CLIFF BANDITS

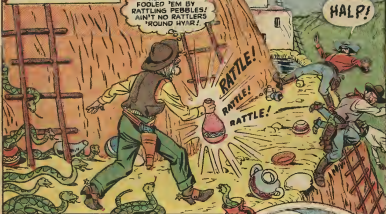
THE PLANS OF THE OUTLAW, SIDERINDER, WERE WORKING OUT SMOOTHLY UNTIL GABBY CLIMBED INTO THEM! A CAN OF GREASE, SOME PEBBLES, A WATER BASIN AND, UNKNOWN TO GABBY, A NEST OF RATTLES ARE HIS SIDEKICKS IN THIS ADVENTURE-JAMMED TALE!

RUN, YUH VARMINTS! THE RATTLES WILL GIT YUH!

HEE! HEE! FOOLED 'EM BY RATTLING PEBBLES! AIN'T NO RATTLES 'ROUND HYAR!

HALP!

RATTLE!
RATTLE!
RATTLE!



FRED LARSON is sweet on his boss, ELLIE HEMPSTEAD, owner of the BAR NOTHING RANCH, but he doesn't always give in to her!

BUT, FRED, IT WOULD BE SUCH FUN TO HAVE A PICNIC AT THE OLD INDIAN CLIFF-DWELLINGS! WE COULD EXPLORE...

NOPE! TOO RISKY!

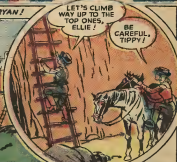
THOSE CLIFFS ARE SWARMING WITH RATTLES! YOU'RE NOT GOING THAR, ELLIE!

DON'T GIVE ME ORDERS, MISTER LARSON!



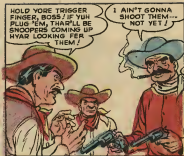


But Ellie's young man is only little TIPPY RYAN!



But on the cliff's terrace....







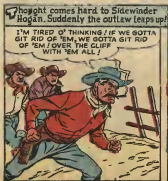


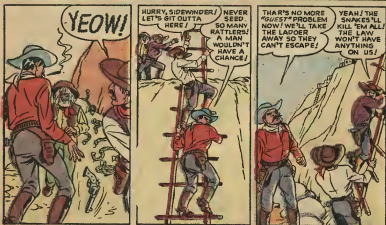
The unconscious Gabby falls off the ladder and topples on Fred below!



Sidewinder sends his outlaws down to pick up the two unconscious men!









As Gabby dashes off, he
skids on the greased
spot and somersaults
toward a water catch basin!



The snakes have left... but Gabby is leaving, too, as the water sweeps him over the edge in a waterfall!



LI'L FISH



AT THE DROP OF A HAT

By DONALD GEORGE .

JOHNNY NOSEDROP was going to murder a man.

You gotta be patient, Johnny told himself. You sit on a horse from dawn until three in the afternoon, waiting for a small old man, Flahooley by name, to come out of a tiny cabin set in the center of a valley. You watch the smoke curl from his chimney, and you let your nose be tickled by the smell of frying bacon and eggs and sour dough on the wind that drifts up the canyon wall. But you gotta be patient, for the haul is worth the wait. For in Flahooley's leatherskin wallet there is one thousand dollars of reward money.

The wind rolled up the canyon wall and gently waved the feather that was stuck in Johnny Nosedrop's hat. Once he had heard a man say that Johnny looked as if he had made a good killing—as if he had a feather in his cap. And ever since that time, Johnny had worn a feather in his hat. For Johnny was peculiar that way. Johnny liked to twist words and make fun of them.

Johnny squinted through his steel-framed spectacles down at the cabin. Flahooley had better show soon. Johnny's time was running short. He was supposed to be down in Mexico buying a bag of salt. He'd gone down a month before to get that salt, and then he'd hidden it away for this day. Now it was resting in his saddle bag, sure proof that he'd been down in Mexico when Flahooley was murdered.

Johnny grunted and his frame stiffened. His hand-tightened on the stock of his Winchester, for the door of the cabin was opening. He squinted nearsightedly through his specs. Without those spectacles, Johnny would be lost. He couldn't see farther than the end of his nose without them, and then it had to be a clear day.

Flahooley walked across the little clearing in front of his cabin to a small spring that bubbled up from the valley floor, carrying a wooden bucket with him. Up above him, in the valley wall, the cross hairs of a sight moved along with him, keeping pace

faithfully.

Johnny Nosedrop tensed his trigger finger. The firing pin slammed home. There was a loud clap of noise, and the rifle stock bucked back, slamming home against Johnny's shoulder.

Johnny peered down into the valley, ready for a second shot if the first had missed. Old Man Flahooley paused in the middle of a step as if he had suddenly sighted an old friend across the street, and then he seemed to sigh, and he slumped to the ground. His hat rose slowly in the air, driven by the impact of the bullet, and then it floated gently to the ground. Here and there, desert beings scurried for cover, gila monsters, snakes and wild rabbits. Only one thing in the entire valley lay undisturbed. And that was Flahooley. He was dead.

Johnny Nosedrop slid his rifle into its scabbard. A feeling of well-being permeated him. He kneeed his horse, and the animal began to pick its way through the rocks and the gopher holes, heading down the hill to the valley floor where the body of old man Flahooley lay.

Johnny off-saddled near the fallen figure. He bent over the body and swiftly went through the old man's pockets until he found the leatherskin wallet. He ripped it open and a thousand dollars lay in his hands.

Johnny stuffed the bills into his pocket. As his head came up, he heard the snarling sound of Flahooley's dog. Johnny had one quick look at the brown blur as it hurtled from the cabin door, its fangs gleaming. Then, as if to avenge his master's murder, the dog was on Johnny Nosedrop. Johnny's hat, with the feather stuck in it, was knocked from his head and settled in the dust. His spectacles were jolted from his nose to the ground. Johnny lunged to the side, trying to protect himself and escape the clutches of the dog. He felt his spectacles being crushed underfoot by his boots as he stepped to the side,

and he felt sick. Without those specs he was helpless, almost a blind man.

He quickly jerked his Colt free of its holster and slammed its muzzle against the hide of the dog and pulled the trigger. There was a dull blast of noise and the lead bullet went home. The dog's growling stopped and his body went slack.

Johnny blindly picked up his smashed spectacles and his hat. He crushed the hat down on his head.

Johnny Nosedrop onsaddled. He turned his back on the dead Flahooley and his faithful dog. Johnny Nosedrop had gotten what he'd come for, one thousand dollars in blood-stained reward money, and he didn't care what he'd left behind.

Johnny drifted into the hills and hid for two days. Then when he figured it was safe, he rode into town. His alibi seemed safe and secure. The salt was in his saddle bag, and his story would be that he'd just gotten back from Mexico. Burning a hole in Johnny's pocket was a thousand bucks and the twisted steel frame of his specs.

The sheriff was waiting in the center of town when Johnny rode up. The sheriff was a big, raw-boned man who was known for his reputation for honesty and justice.

He waved a greeting to Johnny. Johnny slid out of the saddle and nodded to the sheriff.

"See yuh broke yer glässes, Johnny," the sheriff said. "Or else yuh'd be wearin' them. I know yer blind as a bat and never without them."

For a moment or two, the men seemed to be engaged in a careless chat. And then the sheriff slid it to Johnny Nosedrop slow and easy-like. "Old man Flahooley," he said, "has been dry-gulched. Murdered. Know anythin' about it, Johnny?"

Johnny tried to match the sheriff's nonchalance, but a horrible suspicion gnawed at his mind that he'd been found out. He didn't know how. "Been down to Mexico to get some salt," he said. "Don't know nothin'. Even less than that when yuh come right down to it. But I'm sorry to hear it. Who put a slug through the old man? Who killed him?"

The sheriff smiled, and his body tensed slightly. He dropped imperceptibly into a crouch, his hands hanging on a line with

his guns.

"You did, Johnny," he said with calm deliberation, bringing each word out separately as if he were delivering a speech. "You killed the old man. I been waiting two days for you to come into town."

"Yer lying," Johnny said. "Or else yer loco."

"Johnny," the sheriff said, "without yer specs on, yer blinder than a bat. We found the broken glass from yer specs near Flahooley's body. But that wasn't all of it. Yer hat with the feather in it was left there, too. Take a look, Johnny. Yer so blind you didn't even see that you put on the wrong hat. Yer wearin' old man Flahooley's hat right now."

Johnny raised his trembling fingers to the hat. There was no feather there! He had put on Flahooley's hat by mistake right after he'd killed the dog. Johnny's hand dropped to caress his chaps on a line with his guns.

The sheriff leaned forward. "Easy, Johnny," he said. "Or you're gonna die without the proper ceremonies." Someone stepped up behind Johnny and slipped his guns from their holsters. And the sheriff relaxed.

"Yer gonna hang, Johnny," the sheriff said. "For murder."

A smile flickered across Johnny's lips. Even in the shadow of death, he couldn't resist the temptation to needle the sheriff. "Then," Johnny Nosedrop said, "I ain't gonna vote for you fer sheriff in the next election."

"You won't be around to vote," the sheriff said grimly.

When they took Johnny Nosedrop out to the tree in the desert to hang him, Johnny almost got in the last word. They put the rope around his neck and then looped it over a stout limb of the tree. As a ranahan got ready to put the quirt to the horse that Johnny sat on, Johnny raised his hand. "I'll hang," Johnny said, "at the drop of a hat."

An impatient ranahan obliged him. He dropped his hat to the ground. The quirt bit into the horse and the horse took off, and Johnny Nosedrop was stretched at the end of a rope, paying the penalty for his greed and murder—at the drop of a hat.

GABBY HAYES *and*

"THE STOLEN SNAPSHOT"



EASEL DODDS, A CARNIVAL OWNER, IS A NEW ARRIVAL IN RAWHIDE!

CARNY BUSINESS IS IN A SLUMP!
I GOTTA FIND A NEW
ATTRACTION TO PERK
UP THE BOX
OFFICE!



WHAT I NEED
IS A GREAT NEW
FREAK TO DRAG
IN THE CUSTOMERS!
I'M SEARCHING
THE WEST FOR
ONE!

NO
FREAKS
IN RAW-
HIDE!

EXCEPT
GABBY
HAYES,
Mebbe.



MEANWHILE, GABBY FRETS IMPATIENTLY IN THE RAWHIDE DRY GOODS STORE...

C'MON, HESTER! MAKE UP YORE MIND, YUH TOO, ELLIE!

MMMM... WONDER HOW THIS DRESS WOULD LOOK ON ME?

I MUST SEE IT ON SOMEBODY BEFORE I BUY IT!

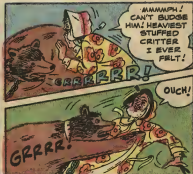
HEY!

WHAT IN TARNATION'S THE IDEA? I AIN'T NO CLOTHES MOSS!

HUSH, GABBY! I JUST WANT A LOOK!







I'LL GIT THEM
PITCHERS, CLEM!
YUH CAN'T
ESCAPE!

GREAT SCOTT!
SHE'S A
MADWOMAN!

SHE'S A MIGHTY TOUGH
CUSTOMER, BUT SHE'LL
MAKE ME RICH! RECKON
WE GOTTA USE FORCE
TO CAPTURE HER!

AFTER THE
FREAK, MEN!
I'LL GET HER
OR KILL MYSELF
TRYING!

TAXIDERMIST

SABBY CHASES
CLEM INTO A BARN!

HA!
GOT YUH
CORNERED
NOW!

TRY
TO MAKE
ME LOOK
FOOLISH,
HEY? THAT
JUST AIN'T
POSSIBLE!

GIMME
THE PITCHERS!

THIS
SHOULD
QUIET
HER DOWN
SOME!

SORRY, MA'AM--
BUT WE GOT TO
MAKE YOU SEE
REASON!

HAND
'EM
OVER,
CLEM!

WANT ME
TO DROP YUH
ON YORE FOOL
HEAD?

UHP!
NO! NO!
HYAR'S THE
FILM!



MUSKETEERS of the WEST

**DANGEROUS
PASSAGE**

WINGED-
FOOT! WHAT
HAPPENED?

MARK--I GO
TO HAPPY HUNTING
GROUND SOON. LISTEN
TO ME! HILLS ARE
FILLED WITH
RENEGADE INDIANS--
MANY WARRIORS!

MARK, BUCK AND
LADAT, THE MUSKETEERS
OF THE WEST, ARE RIDING
THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS OF
THE BLACK EAGLE MOUNTAINS
WHEN THEY COME UPON
AN INDIAN FRIEND OF
THEIRS EARLY WOUNDED!

THEY WANT FOR DUSK--THEN GO
TO MASSAGE SETTLEMENT AT
HIGH ROCK. I TRY TO GET
THROUGH HILLS TO REACH
ARMY POST WHEN THEY
CATCH ME!

YOU--YOU MUST REACH
ARMY POST--
TELL THEM TO
RIDE QUICK TO
SETTLEMENT--
GET THERE BY
DUSK-- UUUH--

WE WILL,
WINGED-FOOT!
OR DIE
TRYING!

POOR WINGED-
FOOT. HE WAS
MIGHTY BRAVE
AND GOOD!

YES, AND IT'S
UP TO US TO
GET THROUGH
TO THE ARMY
POST BEFORE
THE RENEGADE
INDIANS
ATTACK!



MARK CAREFULLY THREADS HIS WAY THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS.



BUT SUDDENLY, A BRONZED FIGURE APPEARS!





NOW MAYBE I CAN GET THROUGH QUICKLY FROM HERE... IF I DON'T COME ACROSS ANOTHER SENTRY!



JUMPIN' GODDAMN! THE WHOLE MESS OF RENEGADES! AND I'VE GOT TO GO THROUGH THIS PASS TO REACH THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOOTHILLS!



WAIT-- I MIGHT HAVE ONE CHANCE! THEIR HORSES!



CAUTIOUSLY, MARK PICKS HIS WAY TO THE RENEGADES' HORSES!

A SUDDEN SHOT WILL FRIGHTEN THESE HORSES AND SEND THEM RACING OFF!



GODDAMN BOY!



THROUGH THE HAIL OF DEATH-DEALING ARROWS, SOME OF WHICH REACH THEIR TARGET, MARK SKIMLY SPEEDS ON.

GOT TO--UH--
HANG ON!



I-I MADE IT! THEY CAN'T COME AFTER ME WITHOUT THEIR HORDES! NOW--NOW I HOPE I CAN HOLD OUT TILL I REACH THE ARMY POST!



AND SHORTLY AFTER, AT THE ARMY POST ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FOOTHILLS, A WOUNDED RIFLE RIDES IN!

GREAT GUNS-- SOMEBODY GET THE MEDICO! THIS MAN IS WOUNDED!



THE SETTLEMENT AT HIGH ROCK-- GET THERE BY DUSK! RENEGADES ARE GOING TO ATTACK!

NEVER (MIS) MIND ME, GET YOUR MEN OFF TO THE SETTLEMENT!

SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS, CAPTAIN! PREPARE THE TROOP FOR ACTION! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THIS MAN UNTIL THE OCC GETS HERE!



MINUTES AFTER, AS MARK RECEIVES AID --

THERE THEY GO! THEY'LL MAKE IT IN TIME!

THANKS TO YOU, BOY!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE ARMY POST, FINDS THE WUBKETEERS OF THE WEST REUNITED!

YOU OLD WAR HORSE! THEY COULDN'T FINISH YOU OFF WITH A TON OF LEAD!

HIGH ROCK HAS A CELEBRATION WAITING FOR YOU, MARK, AND YOU EARNED IT!

NO, NOT I, LARIAT! WE! REMEMBER---



---ALL FOR ONE AND ONE FOR ALL



PROSPECTOR PETE



YOU CAN LIVE
IN MY CABIN
WHILE I'M
AWAY, PETE.

THAT'S MIGHTY NICE
OF YA HANK...WHAT'S
IT GONNA COST ME?



NUTHIN'...IF 'N
YA DO A LITTLE
REPAIRIN' ON IT
'SPECIALLY ON
THE FLOOR

I'LL START
RIGHT NOW!



FOR THERE'S NO
PLACE LIKE
HOME SWEET
HOME



THERE! HOW'S THAT
FOR A PERFECT REPAIR
JOB!...CABIN'S NEARLY
AS GOOD AS NEW!



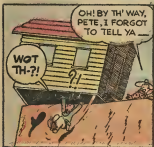
...SURE AM GONNA ENJOY
LIVIN' IN HERE FOR A SPELL!

DUM DEE DUM DUM



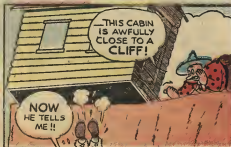
OH! BY TH' WAY,
PETE, I FORGOT
TO TELL YA...

WOT
TH-?!



...THIS CABIN
IS AWFULLY
CLOSE TO A
CLIFF!

NOW
HE TELLS
ME !!



DENVER MUDD

AND

BUSHEY BARNS

"SOUPS ON" OR "PASS TH"
BISCUITS BEFORE THEY'RE ALL GONE

AH DON'T KNOW
WHY YO' WANTS TA
TAKE THESE ON A
POSSE FER! BUT
HYAR AH IS ALL SET
TA IRON THINGS
OUT!

YOU CACTUS HEAD!
AH SAID 'GET YOUR
'SIDE IRONS' NOT
'SAD IRONS

?

Art Harmon

HOUSEHOLD IRONS

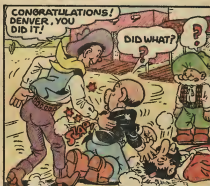
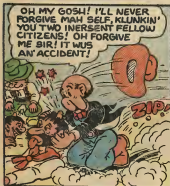
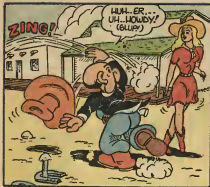
YOU IS ALWAYS WORKING TOO
HARD AT BEIN' SHERIFF DENVER.
WAKE UP AN' PLAY ME A GAME O'
HORSESHOES!

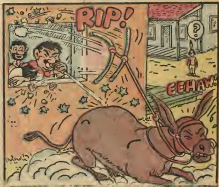
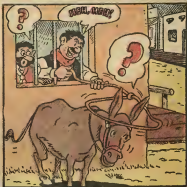
HUH?

HEH, HEH, A
RINGER LETS SEE
YA BEAT THAT!

EASY!

HELLO
SHERIFF





**HEY! THE BANDITS
JUST BROKE 'UM
OUT OF JAIL WITH A
PEA-SHOOTER!**

HUH! DID YOU SAY
 A PEA-SHOOTER?
 LIL' WAMPUM!

SHERIFF DENVER RODE
AFTER THE BANDITS, BUT
SOON LOST THEIR TRAIL...

DAD BLAME IT:
THEM
RATS GAVE ME
TH' SLIP!

* ENGLISH TRANSLATION * SMALL CHANGE

HAA. HAA. WHUT'S A MATTER? DID THEY GET THAT PEA-SHOOTER OUT AGAIN DENVER?

HEY SHERIFF! WHY DON'T
YOU GET A PEA-SHOOTER?
— YOU MIGHT HAVE BETTER

IF AH DON'T
GET THOSE GUYS BACK
IN JAIL, AH NEVER LIVE
THIS DOWN!

LUCK! H
TL HAH!

STICK
UM' UP
SHERIFF!

A WEEK LATER, AS MOOSEHEAD
DENVER'S INDIAN SCOUT
ENTERS THE OFFICE.

GOOD NEWS DENVER, ME
SPOT 'UM TH' JAILBREAKERS.
THEY'RE HIDIN' OUT AROUND
"DEAD MAN'S CANYON"

HOT DOG!

WAIT DENVER! ME GOT UM' GOOD WAY TO GET UM' BACK IN JAIL, THEY LOOKED PURTY WEAK!

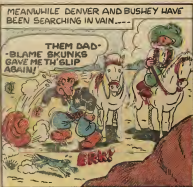
...SO ME THINK THIS
"SECRET WEAPON"
ME HAD MADE AT
PRINT SHOP WILL
WORK!

PHOOEY! ALL AM
NEEDS IS MAH'
SIX GUNS! COME
ON BUSHEY!

LATER AT THE
BANDITS' HIDEOUT.

IF WE DON'T GET
SOMETHIN' TA EAT SOON
WE'LL STARVE! HEY
QUIT LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE
THAT!

YA' KNOW, YOU
IS GETTIN' TA'
LOOK MORE
AN' MORE LIKE
A BIG HUNK O'
ROAST BEEF!





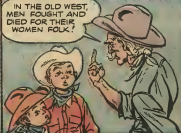
HOLD ON THERE,
YOUNG'UNS! THAT
AIN'T NO WAY TO
TREAT A...LADY!

WOMEN HATERS

AN
"OLDTIMER"
YARN



IN THE OLD WEST,
MEN FOUGHT AND
DIED FOR THEIR
WOMEN FOLK!



"THE WOMEN FOLK WAS PLACED IN THE
SAFEST PLACE FUST OFF, AFTER THAT..."



AT THE FUST SIGN OF DANGER, A
WAGON TRAIN WOULD FORM
A CIRCLE...



"...THE MEN FOLK, THAT'S COWBOYS...THEY DEFENDED THEIR WOMEN FOLK WITH THEIR LIVES..."



ALL
FER...

WOMEN?

YESSIRREE! YOUNG'UNS,
THE WHOLE HISTORY OF
THE WEST IS PAINTED
WITH THE HEROISM
OF MEN
PROTECTING
WOMEN!



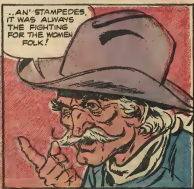
"THROUGH
FIRE..."



"...FLOOD..."



...AN' STAMPEDES,
IT WAS ALWAYS
THE FIGHTING
FOR THE WOMEN
FOLK!



YEP! IN THE OLD WEST, THE
MEN FIT FER A WOMAN'S HAND
DIDN'T SHOOT IT
OFF LIKE YOU TWO!



PROTECTED 'EM FROM KIDNAPPERS
AND BANDITS... AGAIN WITH THEIR
VERY LIVES...



"...TRADING LEAD WAS A THING ANY GOOD,
CLEAN COWPOKE WOULD DO TO SAVE A LADY."



WHAT ABOUT
JOINING THE
NAVY?

YEP A SUBMARINE!
WAY DOWN UNDER THE
OCEAN THEY DON'T
ALLOW WOMEN.



ABOUT HORSES

by *Flora Wilson*

the OUTLAW

A HORSE WHICH
NO AMOUNT OF RIDING OR
HANDLING WILL SUBDUCE!!

HE IS "TURNED IN" AND SOLD
IN THE "SCALAWAG" BUNCH
WHICH GOES OUT EVERY
YEAR—CONSISTING OF HORSES
NO LONGER FIT FOR *cow*
use!

SUNDAY HOSS

A HORSE WITH AN
EASY GAIT, USUALLY
A SINGLE FOOTER
WITH SOME STYLE!



PONY THE PONY IS
ALWAYS A "HOSS", AND A
GOOD COWPONY IS ESTEEMED
BEYOND ALL EARTHLY TREASURES!
IT'S THE DREAM AND AMBITION OF
EVERY COWBOY TO POSSESS A
GOOD CUTTING-HORSE... SUCH
HORSES ARE FROM TEN TO
FIFTEEN YEARS OLD. THEIR
EXPERIENCE AND NATURAL
INTELLIGENCE HAVE TAUGHT
THEM, IT'S THEIR PROUD OWN-
ERS ARE LIKELY TO BOAST,
"to do everything
but talk!"



HEY KIDS! GET YOUR PAINTS OR CRAYONS OUT
AND PAINT THIS PICTURE OF GABBY. CUT OUT,
FRAME AND HANG IT IN YOUR ROOM OR DEN.
MAKES A NICE SOUVENIR FROM YOUR PARD,
GABBY HAYES.



BEST WISHES -
*Gabby
Hayes*